

Vol. XVI

No. III

Macdonald College Magazine

The Staff

Editorial:

Acting Editor: L. de Belle T. '26
Assts. Miss B. Coates, B. H. S. '27.,

Business:

Manager: W. B. Hamilton, Agr. '26 G. Tait Agr. '28.

Advertising:

Manager: D. R. Walker Agr. '26.

Circulation:

Circulation Managers: Miss I. Nicholls, B. H. S. '27.
B. G. Montserin, Agr. '27.
Asst. Circulation Managers: { F. B. Fraser, Agr. '29.
{ L. R. Finlayson, Agr. '29.

Department Editors:

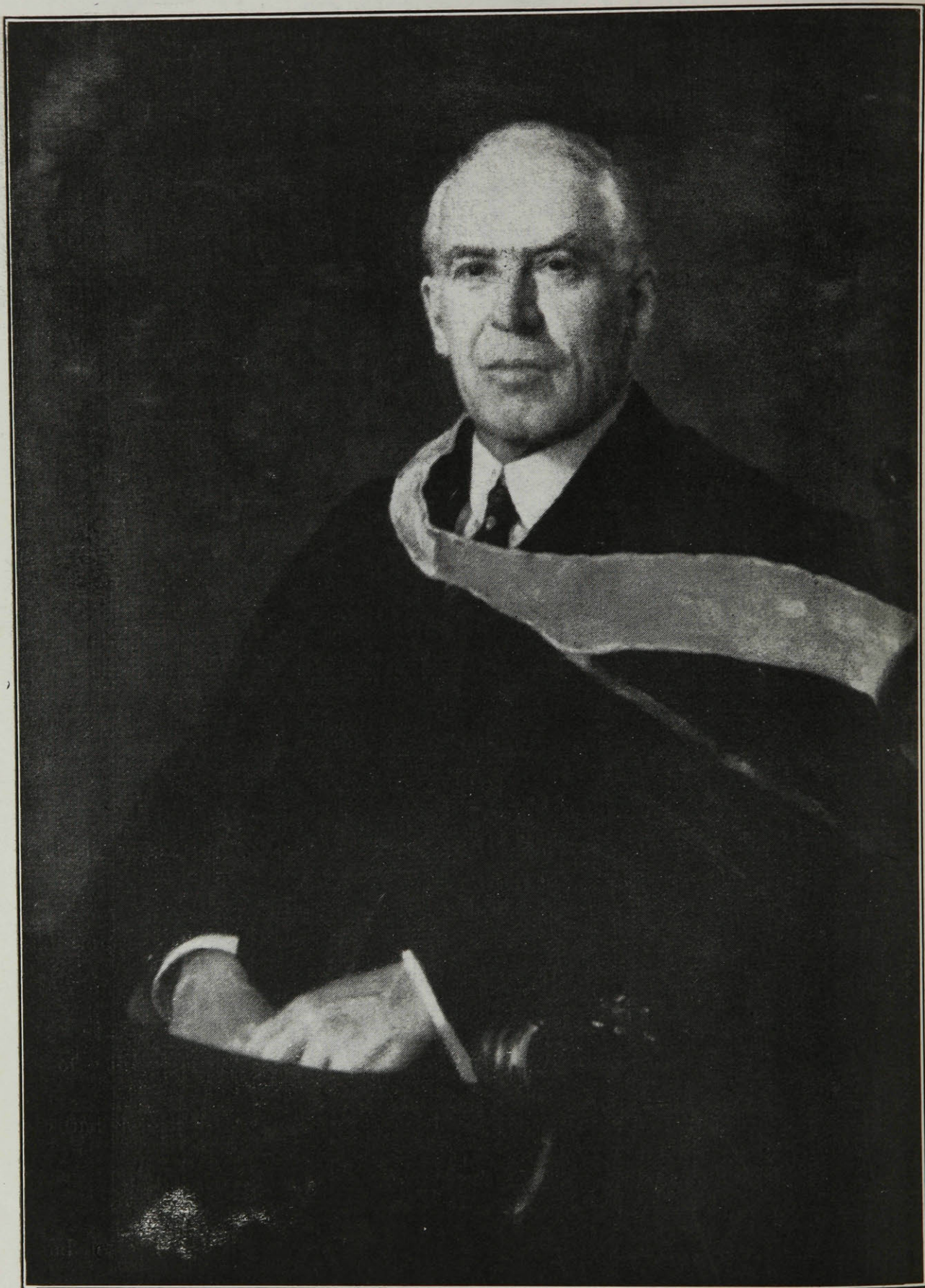
College Life; A. J. Hicks, Agr. '27, Miss N. McCully, H. Sc.,
'27, Miss A. Stroud, T. '26.
Agriculture: W. Levine, Agr. '26.

Alumni:

Agr. Graduates: E. A. Lods, M. S. A.
Agr. Undergraduates: L. J. Cooke, Agr. '26.
Teachers: Miss M. Wilson, T. '26.
Household Science: Miss A. Treston, H. Sc. '26.

Faculty Items:

W. A. Maw, B. S. A.



Professor William Lochhead
After the Portrait, by G. Horne Russel R. C. A., in the Library

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL XVI

MARCH - APRIL

No. 3



With regard to the last issue of the Magazine we have heard a great deal of adverse criticism. Now, while we appreciate criticism of the right sort, because it is our earnest desire to make the Magazine better in each succeeding issue, it does not help us much to be congratulated in public and then to hear insinuating whispers regarding the puerility of our efforts. We have heard it said, in a roundabout way, that one student strongly objected to a personal joke at his expense. However, we notice that he had neither courage nor common sense enough to come and tell us as much. If such people have not sufficient humour to bear up when the laugh is against themselves, let them so mend their ways that there will be no just cause for such jokes. We have also heard it said, on both sides of the Campus, that the last issue was entirely a one-man affair and that this individual was distinctly weak in his efforts at writing. These critics, for the most part, did not hand in any material themselves, although they seem to consider themselves qualified as literary critics. If they do not appreciate the work of this forlorn and luckless contributor, let them set to at once and show him what a good article is like.

When all is said and done, there can be no doubt but that too much is left to the other fellow here. Let all those who have the welfare of the College Magazine at heart, bring their criticisms to us—along with their help. We cannot bring out an issue on destructive criticism!

G. Shaw.

ASPIRATION

I would go round the earth and see its
store
Of wondrous things;
Grey towns, white palaces, and thrones
that bore
Rulers and kings.

I would look deep into the eyes of youth
Full of strange thought,
And search those dreamy eyes to find the
truth
That men have sought.

I would go out into the dawn and lie
Upon the sod,
And there stretch out my arm and touch
the sky
And speak with God.

R. L. S.

MEMORIES

Down in the valley, where the song birds
sing,
And spring is rife, and every living thing,
Is up again, to tell the panting earth:
How lush with spring—oh dawn of a new
birth!
is every wold and woodland . . .

Chickens glide;
Like painted puff-balls down a mountain
side,
Where briars are; and singing runnels
rhyme,
Eternal pæans to the pathless pine.

Oh sleepy haunts, where herons hie to
dream,
Above the waters of a stilly stream.
And oh ye bracken mazes where the bloom
Of many a muskrose lights the leafy gloom.
Ye are those joys, which through long
summer days;
Awake the soul of man to lyric praise.

Louis de Belle



The Eastern Gateway

John West, Agr. '28

First impressions count for a great deal in one's appreciation of anything, whether it be a woman's beauty, a friend's home, or the first sight of a new country. In this respect Canada is singularly blessed. To those who have left their homes and friends behind them, the first appearance of the American shore comes almost as a shock. In their thoughts Canada stands for the land of golden opportunity, a country of great spaces and magnificent scenery. But the beauty of the St. Lawrence River from the open sea to the city of Quebec surpasses all expectations — it seems to be the actual fulfilment of the promised future. To eyes awed by the illimitable horizon of the ocean, this impression is all the more acute.

The whole panorama seems to typify the spirit of the new world. First come the Straits of Belle Isle—grim, desolate and grand. Surely nothing could better impart the demands of a new country—hard and unceasing toil; while the beautiful scenery which follows can but mean the success which awaits those who are willing to work.

After the passage of the Straits, the liner enters the Gulf, which, though comparatively small on the map, yet reveals no sight of land for two whole days. The vastness of the whole thing appals the mind of the average Briton, with his insular conception of scenery. And this impression is heightened as the liner speeds up the river for two more days with the land hanging far off on both horizons. As the scene gradually unfolds, there is borne a sense of beauty and grandeur, the nearer one gets to Quebec.

For there is surely nothing of its type that can rival the beauty of an autumn sunset on the St. Lawrence. On one side the land rises steeply, shrouded with deep purples and bronzes; on the other side the light catches the green fields and quaint old farmsteads, bathing everything with its departing glory. And all the while the ship glides up a sheet of golden liquid towards the molten ball of the setting sun. As night approaches, everything blurs into a shaded mist of blues and purples, and a silence full of peace and restfulness broods everywhere.

But the glory of this picture is dwarfed by the beauty of the city of Quebec as she awakens beneath the caress of the morning sun. The river is a mass of filmy purple mist which shrouds the crowded shipping lying at anchor. Behind rise the frowning Heights, with the ancient city nestling beneath their feet. Gradually a rosy tint spreads downwards to the water, and the mist begins to fade. Then, all at once, a golden finger of light shoots over the Heights and picks out the Chateau Frontenac. As the morning splendor splashes its colours over the town, the sombre shades disappear, and the world awakens to a new day.

Here in the city, the peoples of the Old World and the New form a striking contrast — a babble of tongues, a patchwork gay with colours. But the predominant note is French — the old French which cannot be found in France today.

As Quebec falls behind, the St. Lawrence narrows gradually to a twisting, tortuous channel, here broad and placid, there swift and deep. Along the banks stand the old farmsteads, white and

brown beneath their shading trees. metropolitan reminds one of London and
 Slowly the spirit of modern America makes Paris.
 itself apparent. Telegraph poles, motor And this is the Eastern Gateway of
 cars and busy mills increase in number Canada — an open portal which, to those
 until all at once one is gazing upon the who seek these shores, holds forth at once
 crowded docks of Montreal, whose cos- a welcome and a promise for the future-



TO THE LADIES

Oh, women, dear women the charm of our
 life,
 So beauteous they fill ev'ry scene,
 That whether as lover, companion or wife,
 They're lovely, and ever have been.
 And should the world's wrongs e're per-
 plex us in mind,
 'Tis then that soft feelings possess 'em;
 They're all that is lovely, blooming and
 kind—
 Here's health to the ladies, God bless 'em!

Come fill me a bumper of Burgundy clear,
 And this, aye, let this, be the toast,
 Here's a health to the man who shall
 make it appear,
 Next to life he loved women the most;
 May beauty and joy sweetly smile on each
 face,
 And ev'ry soft feeling possess 'em,
 And while on this earth I have being, or
 place,
 I'll drink to the ladies, God bless 'em!

[Selected]

Homeward Bound

R. F. V. Cooper

As usual we were aroused at daybreak and after gulping the cups of bitter black coffee which were served out to us we set to work on the cattleman's morning round of chores. By the time that we had fed and watered the beasts it was six o'clock and I went on deck for a breath of air before turning in for the usual second sleep—we did not breakfast until eight. Someone shouted to me that land was in sight and, sure enough, about three miles to starboard one could perceive the long outline of the Ulster coast.

It was a very still morning and the Atlantic was smoother than any lake. All detail of the shore was obscured by the light haze which comes before a very hot day; only a lighthouse, ignoring daylight, winked at us solemnly.

On such a morning one could imagine himself leaving a sleeping household to wander barefoot through the meadows to a favourite bathing place. Ashore the drenched grass would be filled with the complaint of the grasshoppers and the air would be fragrant with the pleasant smell of turf smoke. There would be the thrill of diving naked into clear water and afterwards while the salt was still wet on one's lips would come the perfect moment for a cigarette

All that day I worked in the hold loading slings with bales of hay and sacks of grain for the steam winch to hoist on deck. As each sling was made up we gave the word to "Haul away" and the load disappeared into the daylight, swaying perilously. Presently, with a warming "Under below" from the foreman at the hatch-comb the rope was returned for another load. By four o'clock the deck was piled high

with forage and we fed the cattle for the last time.

As we would not dock until after midnight I turned in early. When next I went on deck we were already in the Mersey. Our engines had been stopped and we were in charge of a tug, but in spite of all the bustle of the deckhands who were preparing gangplanks and hawsers the boat seemed strangely quiet. There were shore lights on both sides of us and a great maze of shipping moored in the river. It was quite dark and the lights dripped flame into the black water. A small knot of us gathered on the fo'cs'le leaning over the rail. The lights on the Birkenhead shore gradually drew nearer and began to swing round as the tug manoeuvred us towards our berth. Then we could make out a stretch of quay with a few longshoremen and a policeman gathered under a street lamp.

A high wall studded with bottle glass separated the quay from the street, on it was an enamelled tin advertisement for soap and a wooden board bearing the words "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board" followed by something illegible. As the ship's bows slowly traversed the length of the quay we were able to catch momentary vistas of squalid streets so empty that they did not seem to justify the poor gas lamps that illuminated them.

On deck someone hailed the quay and a north-country voice replied—there was a sound of heavy thuds as hawsers fell on the pavestones. Then the boat gradually lost way, the eyesplices in the ends of the hawsers were passed over bollards and we came to rest.

Somewhere ahead a cable splashed into the river and a clanging telegraph told us that the tug had cast loose.

By The Following Reactions

(*A Reverie*)

"This oil," quoth the lecturer, "finds extensive use as a lubricant. This is of course evident if you have followed me closely in the preceding reactions"..... And I was left gasping again.

Of all the sciences, not even excepting that of the solution of cross-word puzzles, chemistry seems to require the greatest perversion of normal habits of thought. It is still truly the black art in the sense of being unknown and unappreciated by the great majority of us, and *us* includes even students of the arts of the field and the household. That such should be the case sometimes caused me, a devotee, considerable anxiety. For, even as others who worship at other shrines are zealous for their deities, so I have wished for a fuller meed of appreciation for mine.

Do I seem inconsistent in this? If so the inconsistency is but apparent, for, even though the pursuit of chemistry entails the wandering astray of one's mental processes from the regular channels, this undoubtedly is of *great* benefit in the development of cerebral agility, penetration and versatility. Consequently I hasten to state that it is my firm conviction that a clear comprehension of the relation of constitution to physiological function in the case of such substances as iota-kappa-ethenoid-mu-hydroxy-octadeconic acid will aid very materially indeed in the solution of the difficult cross word puzzles of "Life" or "Judge". Further, and although this may seem to many to be a comprehensive claim, it would not greatly astonish me if a *logical sequence* in the political speeches reported in a prominent Canadian daily newspaper were ultimately to be discovered as a direct result of this rigorous training, and cause and effect in relation to these exceedingly obscure phenomena

assigned to their proper roles..... This last may be too much to expect but one must always aspire, and over-modesty in an advocate is fatal to his cause.

As a concrete example of the readjustment of ideas attendant upon initiation into the sect of Chemists, let us take the case of the word "reaction". Of course it is difficult to consider this term apart from its complement "following". However, I shall make the attempt, and if this is in any degree successful, may later endeavor to lay bare some of the shades of meaning involved in the use of its complementary antecedent. But to return to our muttons. Commonly we regard "reaction" as a sort of falling off in activity, *apparent* activity at least. Thus, from time immemorial the heroine, at the death of the villain, has been accustomed to recline for a longer or shorter period upon the bosom of the stalwart hero, quite overcome by the *reaction* from the suspense and anxiety which she has endured. Be it noted, however, that the logical interpretation of the term, to one not *profoundly* versed in the classics, is to re-act, to re-do or to re-peat. Those who worship at the shrine of Philology will perhaps protest this interpretation. Nevertheless Chemistry, and here the goddess of our sect evinces her superior omnigeniety, asserts that the logical (?) explanation is also a perfectly legitimate one: and the many over-time hours spent in the laboratory by her devotees bear eloquent testimony to the accuracy of this conception.

But this is only one of the uses of the term "reaction" among the elect. We learn very early in our probationary period that the liquid with which most of us are so familiar—as a beverage—is shown "by the following reactions" to be made up of

two *simpler* things, hydrogen and oxygen. These latter must necessarily be simpler too, since water we can taste, see and handle, while the presence of these others is demonstrable only by means of "the following reactions". Here again we have another new use of this over-worked word "reaction", which obviously in this case represents some sort of domestic disturbance resulting in permanent estrangement. "Reaction" used in this sense clearly implies *divorce*. Instances of such alienations have since been multiplied in our experience many times over. To one of a philosophical turn of mind this is a very distressing thought, and the emphasis thereby placed upon the instability of union considered in the abstract at once suggests the inadvisability of giving domestic science students, especially Home makers, instruction in chemistry. Particularly insidious in this connection is the consideration of the regular, demoralizing in the extreme. Indeed, the continued contemplation of the inconsistencies of this absurdly simple substance water, as liable as a woman's fancy and as erratic as jazz, is clearly far more dangerous to one's peace of mind than the most advanced theories of evolution, the one embodying as it does all the essentials of a very "pretty" chaos, and the central idea of the other stressing *ordered development*, if not progress.

Really: For romance and adventure there is no science which approaches chemistry. The possibilities are *so* numerousso'merouserous as t' give....

depressant effect infinity Infinity finity Makes me tired t' think 'f it Tired 'finitely tired reactions Reaction 'S troublesome word that 'S meaning's not quite clear yet F-f-following reactions 're worse tho' 'wing reactions Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z.

Mr. X.... We now come to a consideration of the substance camphoric acid, the constitution of which has been established through the following series of reactions:

Starting from alpha-alpha-dimethylbutane-alpha-beta-deltatricarboxylic acid, the sodium salt, when treated with acetic anhydride yielded a dimethylcyclopentanone carboxylic acid. The ester of this acid on treatment with Mg-Me-iodide was converted into alpha-campholactone. From this nonecarboxylic acid was obtained which yielded camphoric acid by the following reactions.. What will the probable chemical and physical properties of camphoric acid be, and what would be the probable effects, physiological and psychological, of its administration intraperitonally upon such an animal as the tapir?"

.... Indicates a long awkward pause. Questioner undergoing, mentally and spiritually, the following series of reactions Since these are sufficiently familiar to all the elect, and none *but* such will have reached thus far, they will not be recounted here. Suffice it to say that the patient recovered in the fullness of time and eventually became a devotee.

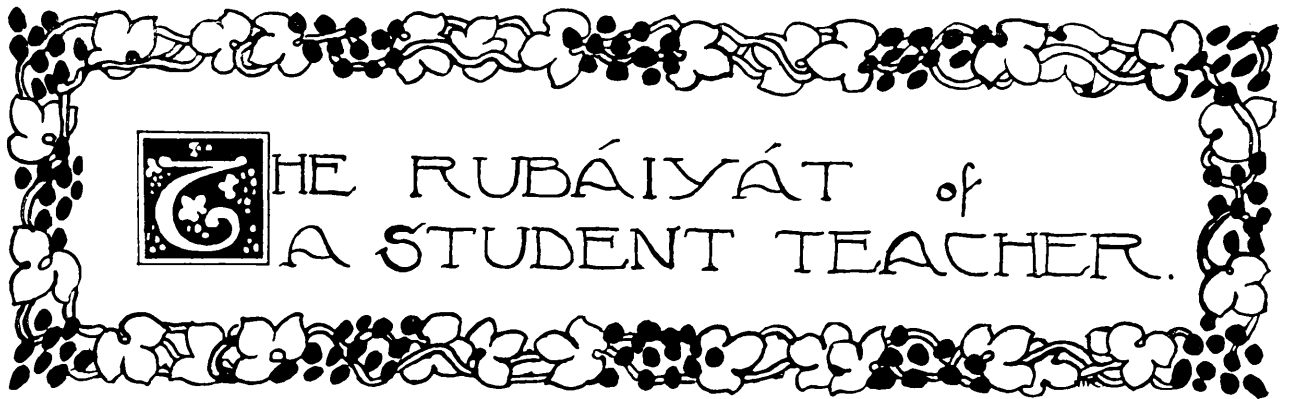




Girls' First Basketball Team



Girls' Second Basketball Team



BY MADELYN ROBINSON

I

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts our Dreams
to Flight:
And Lo! The Hunter of the East has
caught
The College Campus in a shaft of Light.

II

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was
in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Passage cry,
"Awake, my little ones, and go and eat
"Before the Bacon and the Dish be dry."

III

And, as the Bell rang, those who stood
before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the
Door!
"You know how little while we have to
eat,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Myself when flush did eagerly frequent
Dame Wright's, and heard great Argu-
ment
About it and about; but evermore
Came out with lesser Cash than in I
went.

V

And this delightful Cake, this toothsome
feed,
Which students eat at Wright's with little
heed—

Ah, feed upon it lightly! for who knows
To what results disastrous it may lead!

VI

Think, in this batter'd Building night and
day,
Whose Doorways bar the forms of men for
aye,
How Student after Student with her
pranks
Abode her Hour or two, and went her way.

VII

Now, the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Mac once more
retires,
Where, in the month of June, exam. results
Come out, and he upon the ground expires.

VIII

Our moving fingers wrote; and, having
writ,
Moved on: nor all our Piety nor Wit
Did, after, bring us very perfect marks,
For we'd not used our Brains when writ-
ing it.

IX

Lo! some we loved, not dumb, still not the
best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage
prest,
Have learned their Fate a month or two
before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

X

And we, that now make merry in the Rooms
They left, with piles of work to do for
June,
Ourselves must of the cherished Halls of
Mac
Take leave, ourselves to make a Place—
for whom?

XI

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of
Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! Exams are on the Wing.

XII

Ah Mac! could you and I with Fate con-
spire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things en-
tire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!



Extraordinary Ills of Extraordinary Trees

Mac the P. G.

During these hours of leisure and pacific thought, we have been thinking of some great theme to write on; something that would make the world sit up and rub its eyes; and perhaps wail that it was burdened with the sense of hearing, and so could not readily protect itself from our attack. Alas! the theme did not come, we still believe that the world will roll on for a few days yet. Since we cannot write about anything startling, we have to choose a subject that is so simple that no one can comprehend it at all, including the writer, of course.

In the following discussion of the funny ill of funny trees we must take into consideration that many of these trees are not yet known over all the earth. Some flourish actively in New York, others in Detroit, while still others may be confined to our very homes, especially to father's room when he loses his collar button, and his pipe will not draw. All right, all aboard now!

The first tree that we ought to consider, due to its very proper place and season, is the Christmas tree. You've all heard of it, to be sure. It grows, or is supposed to grow, the whole year; and its seasonal variation and uses are well worth considering. Let us see how we can enlighten our readers on the subject. Needles, as you all know, come from a Christmas tree. Certainly they do. All that one has to do is punch an eye in the flatter end, polish it up, put on a little gold paint and then all-aboard for the button field. We have also heard that the Christmas tree is a sort of an ice-cream parlor, for who does not know that very often on a warm winter day the

squirrels begin to fuss and go to the tree for cones.

The Christmas tree blossoms only once per year, and when it does blossom it is some sight. It is in this stage that the many parasites attack it, and make the whole thing a really miserable object. The common disease of this tree is the flatness of Father's pocket book, which prevents the tree from blossoming, and often kills the tree before it has had time to grow. Then there are many thousands of other lesser parasites which attack the tree at the blossoming stage, for who has not seen the dilapidated condition of such trees very soon after blossoming. It's terrible.

The next tree which is considered is one which antedates mankind. The Forbidden tree, a member of the apple family, has gained a wide reputation as originator of fig leaves, reptiles, a few sins and our dining room dessert. It has a few other names, most of them unprintable, but on the whole it was a very good tree. Anyway just think what a life it would be without any Fords, profs, classes, "necking" parties, *ad infinitum*. Personally I am glad the tree grew. Most of us will remember the day when Mother Eve plucked the first McIntosh Red off that tree. It apparently gave her something to think about. We think that Eve did not eat the apple in its fresh condition, but allowed it to put a little kick in the juice, or how in the world could she happen to see green snakes? Apparently this tree was not subject to many ill, except that it must have produced sterile apples, for we have not heard of any other like trees, but we

know that apples were formed. Something must have attacked the tree later for we have not heard of it since. Anyway, this is the only instance of apples growing so near the tropics.

The ills of a family tree should by all rights be considered next. The greatest ill of this tree is the family who is supposed to own it. We have heard of Black Sheep of the family-tree who often were the cause of its downfall. When a tree grows for a time, it will eventually be possessed of some such parasite, which through its very presence causes the wreck of the family tree. Sometimes the only thing that is wrong with the tree is its length, or its very obscurity. Personally, we think that a long tree with nothing worth while on its branches has less value to us than a short tree with a million on every branch, especially when we can be somewhere near to gather in the crop. We should hold the old family tree in reverence, as most of us climbed down from some of the branches at one time or other. Of course some slipped and got here a bit early, or rather before they could go through all the tricks of evolution, hence the variety of funny faces. We know several people who must have been kicked off their tree, and I dare say you have too.

Infantree is the next outgrowth that shall be profusely discussed. No, Chester, an infantree is not commanded by a General but rather by a host of Mamas. Of course, it is very obvious that some errors may creep in now and then by sheer incomprehension of the technique of pronunciation. That is the only error one can make, for one who has not known an army of infants, and but few companies of infantry. If we were betting on the effectiveness of each against a human enemy, I should place all my money on the Kids. We are sure that if any sane

bachelors, of whom there are many, were forced to face a battery of howling infants, and on the other hand had to charge a few dozen machine guns, they would in every case charge the latter. The latter is heaven, the former is a Father's lot.

The Infantree bears two kinds of fruit, male and female, and believe us, we prefer the male. By very exhaustive experiments it has been proved that a male infant is a perfect gentleman from the very start, while the female is never so, no matter how much she tries. We remember our younger days when our bigger and therefore stronger girl cousins swiped all our toys at every chance they could get, and if we remember correctly, never even apologized. As far as that goes, girls very seldom apologize anyway, so what is the use of trying to live up to your reputation at birth. The female fruit is the more peculiar of the two, by far. Did you ever tell a thing to a girl friend in strict confidence? We have, and here is the result. She tells her best friend who tells her best friend who tells her best friend, *ad infinitum*, so that by and by it looks as if the United Press had hold of the news and had determined to call it a scoop. The chappie who had been so weak as to tell will then feel like a punched nickel, and will never speak to a female for the next six days at least. Yes, we know. We move that all products of the Infantree be male.

A shoe-tree is the peculiar vegetable we must discuss next. Do you all know what a shoe-tree is? It is not a plant on which horse shoes are found, but a domestic article which is used in almost every household to make Wednesday shoes try and look like the Sunday ones. "Peculiar" is a correct term to use in the definition, for the shoe-tree has the quality of dis-

appearing when most wanted, and besides, when captured, it has the unpleasant habit of springing up and hitting one in the eye when one's thoughts are far away. Shoe-trees are not known to be a native product, but are believed to have been imported from heathen lands. We seldom find them anywhere else but in Bazaars in church halls, Ye Gifte Shoppes, and other gambling affairs. They often assume very grotesque forms and colors, very like the Mexican Chameleon, and even then they can be sold over and over again. They are very useful plants to have around, and they also are well known as a parasite of Christmas trees and Fish ponds, where they are sold to the poor fish who come to buy the "very useful domestic articles" which that good-looking girl has to sell. We confess we bit more than once, and were stung once with a celluloid Kewpie, and twice with a block puzzle intended for a child of two years, and labelled "Made in Germany" which was doubtless intended to provide light, reading matter for the child when tired of the puzzle. Never again.

Double-tree is a strictly agricultural product, and is not that tree which a United States gentleman sees when he comes to Montreal. It is intended to attach the Horse or Ass or Ox, or even the pet dog to whatever implement has to be drawn over or through Mother Earth. It is a wonderful construction. One takes a piece of wood, according to the instructions of the I. H. C., and crosses it with a saw to get the proper length and breadth. Then the progeny is smoothed down a little by sending it through Mr. Lathe's barber college, and if the product happens to be slim and knotty, it is considered to be a female, and a couple of dozen coats of red paint are added to give strength to the article so that it will

last until sold to the farmer. If the piece of wood is rather crude and rough in spots, and looks as if it needed a shave, it is thought to be a male, and it is sent to be a mast for some motor boat or canoe, or perhaps it will be made into furniture for the Yankee antique furniture trade. There it will be used to demonstrate the craft of the ancient masters in wood, while occasionally parts of the antiques will be used to lambast the everlasting life out of prodigal sons, or the daughters who sold the family truck for two shots of rum.

In our Canadian wilds, we occasionally find a male doubletree passing off as the article for which the founders originally intended it should be used for. It may perhaps stand the strain for a long time, when it will be passed down from father to son as a family heirloom, and be looked upon with reverence as the Hercules of Doubletrees. We hear that the "Canadian Boat Song" was written to the tune of the paint on the doubletrees cracking as the logs were hauled over the snow, the whole poem being influenced by the rather strong vocabulary of the drivers as they mended the breaks with more coats of paint. Of course, many of the strong words were looped around the weaker parts, making the whole contrivance just as good as useless. Why say more?

The last tree which we should consider slightly is the Country. You all have heard of it to be sure. We all were born on some part of it at some time or other. Hence one can easily trace some relation to the Family tree. Well it can't be too serious for everything must be related to something, and besides if it were not so, how would most of us get on without our relations, who kindly provide the means of sending us to College and other places. I remember many occasions when I

was kindly told by my relations and other affinities to go to some place, and it was not College either. What would we all do without these guiding influences? We would have to look for more relations, or sponge on the rest of the Family tree.

It is very difficult to say just what is wrong, but it's there to stay. We all know that our Lawmakers are very interested in finding out just what is wrong, and then trying to give the plant a universal remedy for its ills, nevertheless none of them seem to realize that they themselves are parasites on the tree, living on its products, and forming a subject for the next batch of Lawmakers to rave about. What was wrong with Germany? What was wrong with Austria and other countrees? It seems that some of them had strangely elastic powers which were brought into use by the Great War and which made some of the countrees so small that they looked like a young chap would like to look when he is broke and has to go to Town on some of our numerous Tag days and his sweetie tries to sell him a flower, or a flag, or a pencil, or a shoe-lace, or a Shoe-tree, or even her whole blessed family tree for two bits and a question. On the other hand some of the countrees feel so big that they look like your kid brother would like to look when the teacher keeps him in after school and revenge is rampant.

More ills of the Countree are those that are described in the previous hair-raising paragraphs, but what we have we hold and if you don't think that these are ills enough; then you ought to be fined a nickel and a case of Scotch. Of course don't forget to include us.

We should now say a few words about the Pantree, another well-known institu-

tion in most homes. Perhaps some may, through errors in spelling confuse the term with that commonly applied to the refuge of Her first Cakes and Pies, but we are sure that such mistakes must be uncommon. No, our idea of a Pantree is the vegetable on which all the various kinds of Pants are found. We must suppose that the gentle reader had never thought of the possible vegetative origin of some of our modern types of pants. Did you ever buy an "All-Wool" pair of pants and then performed the cellulose test on them. By scientific manipulation it is easy to prove that the pants as we get them are very efficient as stock food. Perhaps we have seldom considered that the Goat is very far sighted when it takes upon itself to digest a pair of pants off the wash-line. That's instinct, but we call it just a touch of the old Harry. All things are not as they seem. Let's be a goat.

Pants galore come from the Pantree. The only trouble, but a very great one, is that the tree is very easily attacked by some agents which cause many deformities. Did you ever stop to consider that the various types of trousers found through history are nothing but deformities caused by the parasites of the Pantree? Look at the tight pants in Victorian days, and compare them with the present Creations (size considered). We must necessarily admit that many bad diseases must infest the tree to produce deformities as bad as all that. In the days of Adam most pants were skin tight, and a person could comfortably sit down in them, but later they became tighter than the skin for no one could sit down. Then came the era of sensible pants, but now, my gosh, what horrors. I hate going around looking as if I was dressed in a tent.

We should say a few words about a

dog's pants. They are of a puffy nature, dog's pants are greater the more he runs,
 and are supposed to be more primitive while the human's pants reduce to mere
 than those worn by man. It's funny, but a knickers. See Nurmi.



AMBITION

By Berton Braley

When I get through with the surgin' sea
 I'm gonna have a farm an' keep a bee.
 I'm gonna get a wife an' a snug white home
 A long, long, ways from the ocean foam.
 We may have a cow an' a chick or so
 An' a baby pig that'll grow an' grow,
 But the thing that most appeals to me
 Is to have a hive an' a real tame bee.

With a cow an' bee life'll seem right sunay
 For a cow gives milk an' a bee gives honey;
 An' with all the honey that a good bee
 makes
 We'll sure have plenty for the buckwheat
 cakes.
 So when I get through with the deep-sea
 stuff
 Which'll be as soon as I've saved enough,
 I'll settle down an' I'll live in glee
 The boss of a farm an' a nice tame bee.

There'll be no mate with a harsh bass
 voice,
 But a Mate I've picked of my own free
 choice;
 An' if they's kids, which I hope—gee whiz!
 The bee can show 'em where the honey is.
 For the sort of bee that I wanta find
 Will be a bee that is sweet and kind.
 So I'll live right snug when I quit the sea
 With the wife an' kids an' a nice tame bee.

[Selected]

Marlowe and Brendel

Louis de Belle

Marlowe and Brendel were two little girls. They had a father, a mother and a roof to shelter them. Other little girls have as much, but Marlowe and Brendel hadn't a lot of things that other little girls have. That was the main difference. They had no dolls, perambulators, or pretty dresses like their diminutive neighbors Polly and Luzette; and although you may laugh or look cynical there is tragedy in that for a child. Later there was only a father—a father and an evil smelling substance called ale.

But this has really nothing to do with the story

The reason was Brendel. Marlowe asserts it was beer; but that is ridiculous. Primarily, there must have been cause, sorrow possibly. Then, by the recipient, a steady consumption of hops producing intoxication. That is more plausible.

The net result was a tragedy. The concoction, plus individual, threw Brendel downstairs and maimed her for life. Next morning this miscreant, who shall be nameless, departed; bequeathing to Marlowe, a child of sixteen, the joys of a breadwinner's rôle.

The initial stages were nice. There was experience in the first place, freedom and an ideal. Behind was a childhood of unsavoury memories—rank odours of pale ale and Porter. She ate banana-splits, drank chocolate-egg-shakes and felt independent.

One month after the nameless one had "shot the moon," the two girls moved to a tenement district where they rented a room. It was not a very pretentious affair, of course. One window visualized a dilapidated backyard lined with garbage

cans. The other gave on a narrow street of boarding houses. Inside an air of misery prevailed. The few sticks of furniture that the room possessed stood around in a dejected manner, like a bad bilious attack. An odour of fried fish and rancid butter stalked the premises at all hours because the landlady was a cooking landlady. The mildewed walls wept bed-bugs and cockroaches

Yet there was a species of novelty in all this. The pleasure of setting up house on a miniature scale. Every day while Marlowe was "up to the office", Brendel, who had access to the landlady's range, learned how to fry cod in rancid margarine—and enjoy it.

During the long, cold winter's evenings, when oceans of snow had transformed Montreal into a white and billowy Sahara, Brendel would retire to their little bed-sitting room to watch the wind playing hide-and-seek among the gaunt night-gowned trees and Christmas-card houses, while she "spruced up the joint against Marlowe's return." If perchance her little breadwinner was late, due to defective trolley service or thoughtless employers, Brendel's child-mind would image horrid catastrophes—Marlowe stretched bloodless upon the snow, the victim of a careless motor-man, whispering, muttering, cursing.

As the years passed a change became apparent in Marlowe. Physically she grew dainty and bobbed-haired. Mentally, she discovered that the laws of nature react upon us in spite of our environment, that the wicked frequently dance and rejoice while the righteous "grace the sit-outs". Besides, her independence palled, because it was really a dependent independence.

In the first place she had to contend with her employer, who was one of the bloated creations that pampers a fat, repulsive face, and sways a meaningful cigar at women. He annoyed his employees in a thousand trivial ways. Men like that usually do. He assumed the he-man attitude in effeminate garb, "deared" his stenographers and occasionally treated them to nasty food at expensive eating houses. He carried a fat cupid on his tie-pin and desire in his heart. His familiarity was obnoxious to Marlowe.

In the second place she had to contend with inconsequence. That was a tragedy because it was her own inconsequence. She was a unit, number five-sixteen on a punch-clock, and her individuality was lost as completely as if she were a convict. There is a fable connected with industrial enterprise; a species of commandment called segregate endeavour for the honour of Dash and Co. In the beginning, granted. A new broom always sweeps nicely. Then, its segregate endeavour for Friday's pay envelope.

Besides, Marlowe was modern. She loved nice clothes to the point of fanaticism. She would willingly have squandered her scant income for the latest in sporting apparel, or furs. Her sole ambition was to dress like girl movie-stars did on the cinema; but she had to be contented with looking in at the store windows till the glass became opaque with her hot, feverish breath, and she could see no more.

Imagine, under such circumstances, possessing twelve dollars in a crisp Canadian currency (capable of oh such wonderful persuasive power in the millinery line!) and having to relinquish ten of them to an obdurate landlady for rent. Marlowe did it grudgingly, in a curious, bitter way; after selecting the crispest for Brendel. She felt like Aladdin would have felt if he had been obliged to summon his Slaves of the Lamp to ask them for a peck of potatoes.

Living in such atmosphere there came

a period when precedent sagged — endeavoured to become insubordinate. Red was directly responsible. He toiled with Marlowe at Dash and Co.'s, Ltd., in a clerical capacity.

Red was a middle-aged man, mediocre, but highly respectable. If you want to appreciate the situation you must understand that in Marlowe's eyes he was a Greek statue of Apollo in well-pressed American trousers. Thrown much in Marlowe's society, during office hours, our clerical god soon came to regard her with favour, possibly affection.

Besides their proximity at Dash's, they met frequently, during the noon hour, at a certain Chinese cook-shop, where everything except cleanliness was at a premium, and chatted over sardines and ginger-ale. He told her his aspirations while she, girl-like, inflated her trivial joys. At night, in a packed trolley, Red would mitigate the discomfort of transit by a manly and affectionate arm.

From the very first Marlowe perceived the futility. Red's income was far from elastic. It would barely stand the strain of two, and Brendel would make three. Moreover, even if Red consented to her participancy, which was questionable, a time might come when he regretted that decision. What then?

Marlowe, in an effort to solve it, determined to discourage Red's suit, but without success, for it passed from the experimental to the attachment stage before either of them were aware. Love usually likes obstacles. The trouble was Marlowe and Red didn't realize this

One night when the snow was falling in generous flakes and so compactly that they could not discern the inartistic "bunk" on the bill-boards, Red said:

"Marky, dear, there's something I've always wanted to tell you—" and he paused to moisten his lips.

Marlowe, with downcast eyes, waited patiently.

"You see," pursued Red; I—I mean you know what a princess you've always been — for me? I'm not wealthy, I'm not smart I know, I'm not even decently schooled—but—but I can't help loving you, Marky, loving you passionately, with all my heart, with all my soul—and oh Marky, will you—could you?"

He didn't finish.

"Darling," said Marlowe, her soft, wistful eyes fixed earnestly upon him; "I daren't—I—I can't." And her lips kept mumbling the phrase mechanically till it sounded like the dirge of a lost soul.

Then she explained.

"By golly, little woman!" cried Red, and he noticed that the wind swinging down upon them from an alley echoed "By golly," in unison, "You—You're great!"

That was all. They parted without a kiss—without a sigh.

* * *

On her return home Marlowe was intercepted by her landlady who appeared

greatly perturbed. Unfamiliar sounds disturbed their tenement, Unfamiliar voices arose in discord.

Without waiting for an explanation or a word, Marlowe negotiated the stairs, three at a time, and burst into their room. Inside, Brendel, was stretched upon the bed, hugging the soiled eiderdown and sobbing, hysterically.

"Oh!" cried Marlowe with a sigh of relief; "You gave me an awful turn, child. What the dickens—"

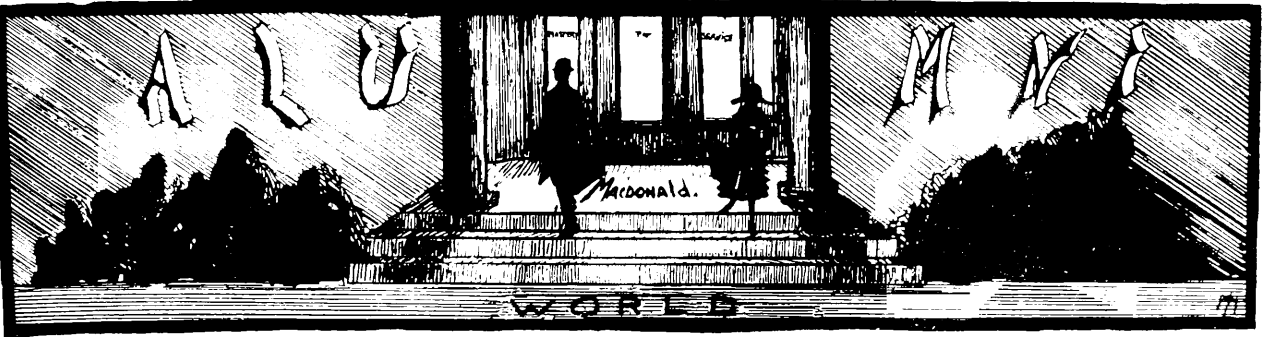
Brendel opened her eyes.

"It—it's such a long story." She sobbed, "Such a long story. It all began three months ago when I saw this advertisement for the Houston Scenario Prize. I'd nothing better to do so I wrote—for fun, and because you know, it gave me something to think about. I never dreamt of any thing of course—never till this morning, Mil'y brings me my mail—a letter congratulating me on my splendid success—that's what they say Marky "your splendid success"—and—and a cheque for \$10,000!"





FIRST REUNION 1919



Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

EMILE LODS '12.

General Secretary

THE SECOND REUNION

The Alumni are gathering at Macdonald on Monday, June 28th for the second reunion, which is to last through Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The first reunion brought together, in 1919, fifty-six graduates and a number of wives. This time most of the last crowd are expected and many others of the old graduates as well as those who have joined the ranks since then. Of course there are a lot more wives to add to the number. In addition there is room for the children also. It is quite safe to bring them as arrangements are being made to keep the curtain drawn on the details of their fathers' behaviour in "The good old days".

On the opposite page there is a reproduction of a photograph showing most of the graduates who were at the first reunion. A worthy "Alumnus Ambition" is to occupy space in every Reunion Photograph.

The Program Committee under the di-

rection of A. R. Ness, '12 is making such fine progress that the time will be almost entirely given over to amusement without being organized to fill in every minute. There will be plenty of time to loaf in the other fellow's room and throw matches back of the radiators. The special events which the committee are arranging for are: a Boat Trip on the Lakes of Two Mountains and St. Louis, including of course "Shooting the Lachine Rapids", The Reunion Dinner, and The Dance. Dominion Day, the last day, will be given over to games; the golf course and the tennis courts will be available, and other games will be organized as desired. Naturally, one of the big events of the week will be the TEA for the ladies.

R. Summerby, '11, chairman of the Reception Committee, says that with two residences available, he has plenty of room for everybody. Those who wish to bring children can quite satisfactorily do so as there is plenty of accommodation, and ar-



(Courtesy of the Lakeshore Review)

THE "NEW BRIDGE"

When crossing over to Ile Perrot, it is no longer necessary to dodge freight trains.

rangements will be made for them to be looked after during the various functions.

All the graduates are asked to make a special effort to attend the reunion. Spending a few days at Macdonald with old friends will be a fine holiday. The good roads we now have make it possible for all

those who have cars and who live within a few hundred miles to easily take in this event. Motoring in by groups will add to the enjoyment. Plan now to be here the last week in June.

FAILT YE CLAN MACDONALD.



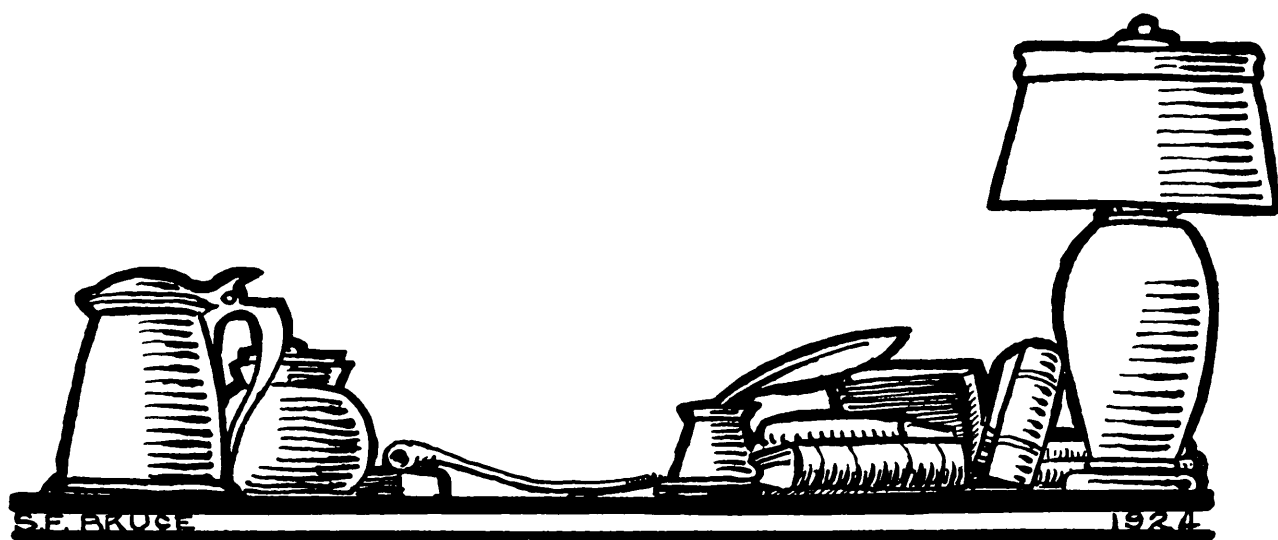
OLD ENGLAND

Over the Land at noontide
Old England weaves her spell,
'Witching the vale and hillside,
River, downland and fell;
Spirits of elf and warlock
Passing o'er their domain,
Guarding the crop and sheep flock —
Ever may they remain!

Older than England's oak trees,
Ageless, mighty and kind,
These are the country's trustees
Guarding, noble and hind.
Patron of blacksmiths — Weyland,
Puck o'Pook's Hill and Thor —
Gods of the hill and low land,
Faithful yet, as of yore.

Ever shall this be the token
Sworn on the oaken bough;
Thus have the spirits spoken,
Truely they keep the vow —
"Thickly though foemen cluster,
"Vowing death to the land,
"Always the gods shall muster
"Ready—mighty of hand."

[*John West,* 28]



Under The Desk Lamp

Dear Editor;—

The evenings are terribly long up here in the bush and a brilliant idea has just occurred to me, why not write a letter to the magazine back at Mac?

To begin with, perhaps I had better tell you that I am at present in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains. That name tends to recall to many of you, I'm sure, summer cottages and a happy vacation, but you are all wrong. In the first place, it's the wrong time of the year for those pleasures and in the second, the wrong part of the country, because where I am, was practically all burned over in 1923 and now, instead of a beautiful virgin forest, the scene is one of devastation, barren hills, and dead trees, a very sorry spectacle, but fortunately dry wood makes perfectly good pulp.

The company in which I am employed is a well-known pulp and paper concern and manufactures the type of paper of which our daily newspapers are made. I am working for the Forestry Department and a 15 mile tramp during the morning means no more to me now than a walk to Mrs. Wright's did, when I was at college.

I mustn't forget to tell you that I heard

a wolf the other night and I never hoped to hear such a weird, ungodly sound.

But to come back to civilization, I wonder what you are all doing tonight? I can imagine many of the boys in Gasoline Alley,—a sprinter is telling a few uninterested friends of some of his conquests; of course I may be wrong, he may be working out a hen ration. Another senior is writing his weekly essay on Horticulture while smoking matches in his fourth pipe since Xmas. Then further down the corridor I imagine I can see an earnest young man writing a lengthy letter "en français" of which the main topic is "l'amour", while his roommate is lying on the bed probably College Humor or a popular book known to all the boys as "Les Folies Bergères". The picture that I see in the next room had better not be described because, well,—I used to live there myself and it is sort of sacred ground to me. Now I have all kinds of mental visions of the co-eds about this time of the evening, but I won't tell you of them because I'm afraid they wouldn't pass the censors.

I suppose the Saturday night dances are just as much fun as ever. I hope to be able to get back to a few this spring before

the term ends, so remember, you shiek-esses, save a few dances for me.

Well I think I have written enough bunk for now, so I will end by wishing you all, all kinds of fun and success in everything.

Sincerely,

"Hammie" Marshall, Ex. '27

P.S. The best of luck to the Foyer Clubs.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor:

Too much cannot be written or said in commendation of the excellent way in which Founder's Day was observed at Macdonald this year. An afternoon in which to ruminate on and discuss the motives which caused Sir William Macdonald to found the institution which bears his name, was followed by an evening of entertainment unexcelled in the annals of our College.

The students as a whole are unanimous in their thanks to Dr. Harrison for the generous way in which he provided for the comfort and delectation of all at the comic opera, "The Mikado", and at the supper which ensued. At a meeting of the students Council held on February 11th this universal spirit of thankfulness was expressed in the following motion which was adopted unanimously: "Resolved that a hearty vote of thanks be extended to Dr. Harrison as a mark of the students' appreciation for the performance and dinner on Founder's Day."

The general approval of the celebration makes the writer second the desire of one of the men who wished that Sir William had a birthday each month.

Sincerely yours,

S. W. Hetherington.

Pres., Students' Council.

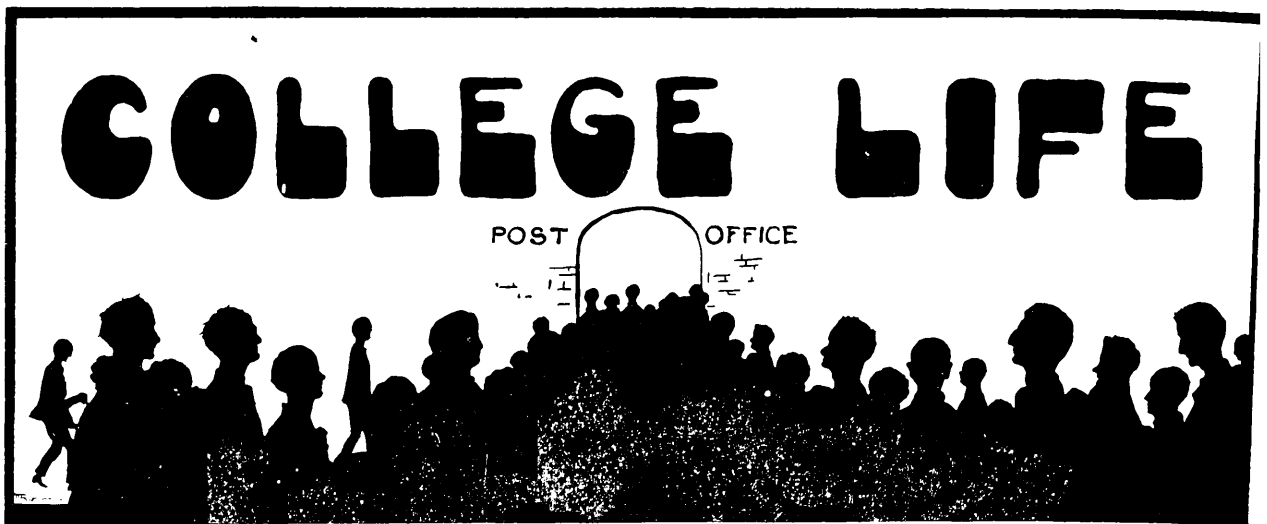


PENSEE ASTRONOMIQUE

Far off to the south in a land of pearl
Where a garden still slopes down to the
 sea,
There is lying a lone and lovely girl
Whose heart is weary and waiting for me.

And into the garden a low moon shines
With a throbbing golden splendor aglow,
But the moon that I glimpse through
 sombre pines
Is small and cold and as white as the snow.

It never shall bear to my Love afar
On its shifting wings, my love o'er the sea;
I will find me a small and friendly star
Shall bear my love to my Love from me.
 —The Varsity.



Doings of the Literary and Debating Society

Ed. Note:

Due to a regrettable error, reports on Wurzel-Fummery, Scenes from Twelfth Night and The Lamplighter will not appear until the next issue

On October 23, the Society organized an informal debate which went with much interest and no little amusement in the Assembly Hall.

The subject was one chosen to interest college students generally namely—"Resolved that rugby is a menace to a college."

Miss Norma McNally of Teachers '26 and Mr. Roy Bell of Agriculture '26 took the affirmative side, while Miss Frances Lamb of T. A. '27 and Mr. Ralph Bennett opposed the motion.

It was with interest that the dumb members of the audience listened to those who stood from the floor to offer a few arguments and sentiments either for or against the subject for debate.

On November 13, in the Foyer of the Women's residence, the Players' club of the Society gave a second performance.

This performance was of comparative success, but the Foyer and the mood of

the audience were against the readers of the play.

"The Scheming Lieutenant" was the title of the play with the supporters as follows with their respective roles:—

Mrs. Credulous—Miss Margaret Lockheed.

Loretta Credulous —Miss Adria Barclay.

Lieutenant O'Conner—Mr. Townsend.

Justice Credulous—Mr. McMaster.

Dr. Rosey—Mr. A. Millholland.

Sergeant Trounce—Mr. P. Millholland.

Corporal Flint—Mr. Stucky.

Soldiers—Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Mallo-
wan.

* * *

Considering that it is barely a year old, the Players' division of the *Lit* is a very popular institution and everyone was sorry to hear that the plays read on March 26 would probably be the last of the present season.

When the committee decided to read J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* it must have

realized that it was attempting a very daring innovation and it would be a pity if future executives were deterred from experiment because the result in this particular instance was a failure. There are few more beautiful plays in the language and none which is more difficult to read in public, for, as if the Connaught brogue were not sufficient obstacle alone, the reader must give to that medium the expression of the most intense tragedy.

The most difficult part, *Maurya*, fell to Miss Macdermott and her attempt was undoubtedly the best. N. B. McMaster's Bartley was also satisfactory, but neither Miss O'Neill (*Cathleen*) nor Miss Macgillivray (*Nora*) was completely audible from the back of the Hall. The cast was completed with Miss Hawkes who had a couple of sentences in the part of an old woman. Future committees will probably benefit by experience and avoid dialect and tragedy when selecting plays for public reading.

What A. A. Milne writes has always the air of being for the private delight of himself and Christopher Robin and I cannot believe that he consulted *Belinda Tremaine* when he ordered *Baxter* and *Devenish* to make love to her. However, she was well

able for them even when they called simultaneously, but even she could hardly have foreseen when her husband returned from a rather protracted lion hunt (I seem to see Christopher Robin in this) that *Devenish* would be ready to console himself with her daughter while *Baxter* took refuge in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

There has been no better reading this year than Miss Pool's *Belinda*; as the author intended, her self-possession was always perfect and she never lost control of the situation. She was well supported by Miss Courier who made a charming *Delia* and by a *Devenish* who was perhaps a shade over-drawn by P. W. E. Fernau, but R. K. Bennet completely misinterpreted *Baxter* when he made him boorish instead of merely boring. S. M. Walford was all that a repentant lion hunter should be and Miss Kirby played the parlour-maid with the requisite amount of primness.

A welcome feature of both plays was the reduced amount of *business* which was permitted. In previous play readings the *Lit* has learnt that acting should be reduced to the minimum required to supplement the dialogue.

R.F.V.C.

THE MIKADO

Founder's Day, February 10th, was celebrated by the students of Macdonald College when they were guests of Dr. Harrison at a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" given by the Macdonald Philharmonic Society. The performance was repeated on Saturday, February 13th, for the benefit of out-of-town friends. The Macdonald Philharmonic presentations are always good, but in this case, all agreed that it excelled its former accomplishments. R. Birkett Musgrove, F.R.C.O. is the Musical Director, and to him, as well as to the committee in charge, a large share of the praise is due.

Among the principals were Dr. B. T.

Dickson and L. G. Heimpel of the Staff; Miss Jean Kyle and Mr. N. B. McMaster of the student body. The chorus consisting of forty voices, was composed of Macdonald students and persons directly connected with the College.

The Philharmonic Society's programme has received favorable comments from many Montreal publications. The *Lake-shore Review* says: "In the case of the Macdonald Philharmonic Society, in its presentation of "The Mikado" in the Assembly Hall of the College on February 10th and 13th, it is reasonable to claim that the Society put on as fine a show as that recently given by a professional com-

pany in Montreal. So far as costuming, staging, singing and orchestra were concerned, the Society's performance had the lead over the other. Possibly, but not surely, the professional company had the lead over Ste. Annes' non-professionals in the dramatics of the thing, a feature rather to be expected. The Society had, of course, the advantage of its large orchestra of twenty-two pieces and a chorus of forty voices, luxuries that few professional road companies can afford.

"Being in connection with a College which is not only supposed to meet and influence cultural tastes in Lakeshore communities,

ta or Wagnerian opera. There is a happy medium in the presentation of instructional music for very broad application and the Society manages to reach it quite often."

After the performance the students were invited to the Dining Hall of the Women's Residence where a delightful supper was spread. Dr. Harrison made a few well-chosen remarks about Founder's Day and the evening closed with the customary college yells. The students dispersed, all agreeing, (even though they were rather negligent in expressing their appreciation) that the evening was one of the most pleasant ones spent at Macdonald.



DR. B. T. DICKSON
"KO-KO"

PROF. L. G. HEIMPEL
"POOH-BAH"

JEAN KYLE
"YUM-YUM"

N. B. McMASTER
"NEE-BAN"

but has still the larger purpose of colouring the life of the Province and beyond, through its students, so many of whom will be school teachers, the Society does well in presenting pieces like "The Mikado." These pieces are well-worn indeed, but so worn because of their perennial charm, lofty enough for the most fastidious "man in the street", if not lofty enough—for the occasional musical "highbrow" who would have the world spring overnight from "Brown Eyes, Why are you Blue?" or "The Prisoner's Song", to Beethoven Sona-

The scenery for "The Mikado" was painted by Dr. Harrison and Dr. B. T. Dickson.

The Philharmonic Society's officers for the present season are: Patrons: Sir Arthur Currie and Dr. C. Harrison; President: Dean Laird; Secretary-treasurer: F. A. A. Smythe; Musical Director: R. Birkett Musgrove, F.R.C.O., with the following committee also, comprising Mrs C Stephens, Miss Jean Kyle, Dr. B. T. Dickson, S. Walford, and S. W. Hetherington.



BASKETBALL AS SHE IS PLAYED

A loudly ringing bell. I said to Angela "What's the matter now? The fusser's bell has rung." She replied, "There is a game in the men's gym tonight. Shall we go?" I was in the middle of exams, but—oh well—

We all collected in a laughing, pushing mob in the hall. Then we started. First the ambulatory and we were frozen, then the tunnel and we were roasted, then the steps where we try to break our necks, then a long tunnel seething with girls, a brighter light and with it a sudden flood of stale cigar and cigarette smoke, and we were in the residence. We walked up two flights of, to say the least of it, dirty steps which as far as I could see had NEVER been introduced to either polish or broom. The uncarpeted passages had the same appearance as the stairs. In fact at the sides of the corridor there were footmarks in the dust, like footmarks in snow. Above all and around all was that strong penetrating smell of tobacco. I suppose it smells so bad because most of the money goes for teas.

We continued to the gym where several of the girls left us to join their men. Angela and I went down the stairs and had a fine view of the floor, and what is perhaps more important a seat.

We were just comfortably settled when

the whistle blew and the lagging members of the teams came in. What a mixed lot they were, fat and thin, tall and short, they looked just ready for a comic review.

The game began. It was not really a game, but play. They ran after the ball like kids, it eluded them, ran between their legs and spent much of its time outside. They tried miniature scrums over it, then someone would slip and the others would pile on top. The gallery hooted, shrieked and danced about. Two of the players were in the rugby team and apparently they thought it was a cross between Field and Parlour Rugby, being not so rough as one and perhaps rougher than the other. The tallest man there, all arms and legs, could not catch the ball. It hit him in the chest, it hit him on the head, he had it in his hand but everytime he dropped it as though it were hot. The funniest thing, which caused us all to double up with laughing was the tackling. If one man had the ball, another would stand straight in front of him, one arm spread stiffly on either side, legs well apart, and then he would jump up and down in the same spot, for all the world like an automatic toy gone wrong. The ball would spin right over his head, either into a corner where there was no one and there would be a wild scramble, or right into the hands of the opposing team. One time the ball went

up to visit the gallery, another time it went down the swimming tank stairs, and more times than can be numbered it reposed amongst the struts holding up the basket.

By half time everyone was so hoarse they could laugh no more, and the second half was played in silence except for an

occasional groan of mirth from people who had laughed their fill.

Today I heard one of the players say, in reply to some remark, "Well anyway it was funny, and it was a good game to end the term with."

Juanita Hanson.

HOCKEY

March the third saw the final hockey game of the season when Macdonald clashed with N.D.G. at the Loyal Rink. The season, though not unsuccessful has furnished Macdonald with bright prospects for the coming years. Three of last years' members were missing, McCunn, Tully and Pope. Fortunately the Freshman class provided us with two stalwart players in Millinchamp and Richards and a promising goal tender substitute in Oakley. The Teachers and Winter Course turned out valuable subs. in Anderson, Macdonald and Cox.

The team worked well together throughout the season. The main weakness was the scarcity of puck-chasers from whom to select players. The forward line, consisting of Walker, Millinchamp and Tait, backed by a stone wall defense in Les Cooke and Richards, with the old, well-known goaler, Champ Perrault in goals, presented an aggressive and tricky party of hockeyists.

The hockey was delayed at the beginning of the season by the possibility of an inter-faculty league of McGill, which did not materialize. The first game was played against North Branch Y.M.C.A. on Jan. 23rd on the College rink. An overtime play was necessary, which left the game still a draw of 3-3. Walker and Millinchamp did some excellent combination work, while the defense stopped the speedy rushes of Reilly who starred for the visiting team.

On Feb. 13th the team played their

second game. This against the Wanderers of St. Annes. The game was played on the home ice and ended with the Wanderers at the top of the scoring. The visitors had the upper hand during the game and are a brilliant, fast team, we have to admit. The Macdonald defense again distinguished themselves in breaking up the onslaught of Harnott and Dubreuil, Perrault in goals saving the team from a worse beating. Heslop, played a stellar game in goals for the victors.

The third game, played on Saturday Feb. 20th stimulated enthusiasm at M.A.C. once more. The game consisted of eighty minutes of hard fast hockey, twenty minutes being overtime play. The score was a draw up to the final overtime period when the home team netted three goals making the final score 6-3 for Macdonald. The forwards excelled themselves in their combination overwhelming the N.D.G. defense and goaler.

The following Saturday, Feb. 27 saw the Macdonald's final game on the home rink. The team, minus its star defense player Les Cooke, was up against a strong aggregation, Dentistry. The game was of particular interest being the only inter-faculty game played. The struggle ended with Dentistry the victors. The spectacular rushes of Walker and Millinchamp netted two goals for M.A.C. while Perrault did some good work in goals. McMahon, and Lynch played a first class brand of hockey for the winners.



Women's Hockey Team



Men's Hockey Team

On Wednesday, March 3rd in a return game with N.D.G. on the Loyola Stadium Rink the hockey activities for the season ended. The game was played on fast ice, Walker made some flashy rushes, assailing the enemies net's more than once. Millinchamp displayed some clever stick-handling, and assisted greatly by meet-

ing the two goals, the final on a splendid rush with Walker, tying the score during the last minute of play.

- Goal — C. Penault
- Defence — L. Cooke
- Defence — R. Richards
- Centre — G. Tait
- l. Wing — D. Wallser
- r. Wing — R. Millinchamp
- Subs — Anderson
- Cox

BASKETBALL

A summary of the work of our basketball team for the 1926 season is given below:

Played Against	Score		Date
	Mac-	Oppo-	
	donald	nents	
1. Kemptville	47	25	Jan. 23
2. Science III	13	24	Jan. 30
3. 1st Presbyterians	23	9	Feb. 13
4. Stanstead	37	21	Feb. 20
5. Science III	27	15	Feb. 27
6. Bishop's University	21	34	Mar. 12
7. Stanstead	16	44	Mar. 13
8. Bishop's University	27	41	Mar. 20

An injury which kept Harrison from playing the first game against Science III may be justly blamed for that defeat, and the absence of Hill was, no doubt an important factor in the other three.

Although the Kemptville game was the first of the season it brought out a high grade of play. It was featured by the spectacular shooting of Harrison who rang up 22 of the 47 points. The game with Science III was played in the women's gymnasium and was marred by MacDougall's injury which has kept him from playing for the rest of the season. The Presbyterian fixture which followed was fast but somewhat spoiled by roughness. Excellent defence work left the opposing forwards little chance to score and from the first there was no doubting the superiority of the Mac men. Stanstead has a light, quick team which, in the game at

Macdonald, collaborated with ours to give us the season's best show. If we are to do the Stanstead boys justice we must admit that luck took a hand and that the score is not a measure of the relative abilities of the two outfits.

On March 12th the players set out for Bishop's University and Stanstead. Leaving in the morning they arrived in Lennoxville late in the afternoon and played at 8 p.m. The Bishop's gymnasium is small and has a good many peculiar ground rules to cover various irregularities. The Mac team was leading at half time but the superior shooting of the Bishop's men won for them in the latter half. The team was treated in a very kindly and sportsmanlike way at Bishop's, remained there overnight and went on to Stanstead in the morning. The game in the afternoon was a complete reversal of the home game with Stanstead who were much improved in every department and had no difficulty in winning.

The last exhibition was a return with Bishop's. The Lennoxville boys were not at all disconcerted by the strange court. Their win was due to the remarkable work of McCaw the right forward who scored 27 points single handed.

The fact that the season ends with only a fifty per cent standing is not the fault of the players themselves. Most of the practices have been attended by only seven or eight men and there has been, on that

account, no opportunity for the development of combination plays. If the college could produce a second team, or one nearby could be found to practise with, much better results could be expected.

J. E. Warren.



SOCIAL NOTE

Saturday night a week ago they whooped it
up in hell;
The devil and all went on a spree
And threw a red hot jamboree
With a cheery brimstone smell,
For two slick guys had become millionaires
By selling poor widows some bum oil
shares,
And all was gay down in the nether re-
gions.

At three o'clock on that gala night the
sport had just begun;
They melted the lead and heated the coals
And mixed up drinks for the poor lost
souls
So they could join the fun
For seven hundred big strong men
Had lynched one nigger for stealing a hen
And wine flowed free down in the nether
regions.

The pitchfork wielders and the sinful
damned forgot their mutual hates
And cruised up and down the river Styx
With a big boat load of fireproof bricks
To sling at the pearly gates.
For a bunch of crooks had got off free
By using insanity as their plea
Mirth reigned supreme down in the nether
regions.

Carolina Buccaneer.



Men's Basketball Team



The Winter Course

Science in Religion?

By S. W. Hetherington

"A fire-mist and a planet
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God."

Since July, 1925, the small town of Dayton in "Sunny Tennessee" has been known to many as "Monkeyville", a name that it does not really merit. The proceedings of that State against a young high school teacher of biology precipitated a general and heated discussion among religious fundamentalists and modernists and served as an admirable advertising scheme for a community that possessed limited facilities and was comparatively unknown to the world. So many jokes were poked at the battle-ground of the case that the general public almost lost sight of the real issues involved. The technical defeat of the modernists was due to the fact that the anti-evolution law of the state stated specifically that evolutionary biology should not be taught in public schools. With evidence so conclusive the court found Scopes, the teacher, guilty of violating the infamous law. After paying a nominal fine the "goat" in the suit became the recipient of a special scholarship fund and thus was enabled to continue his studies.

For a time during the summer of 1925 the newspapers throughout the United States indicated that Evolution was to go on trial and that the advocates of a literal interpretation of the Bible, headed by the great but mis-directed W. J. Bryan, would carry the war to the modernists. The great question of the day became "Did man de-

scend from monkey?" The behaviour of the leader of the fundamentalists in the pathetic and amazing case alluded to above goes a long way to prove that there is some truth in the popular interrogation. Catch-phrases and titles such as "The missing link", "Was Darwin right?" became attractive topics for conversation and the mass of people, ignorant in scientific and religious knowledge, energetically asked and answered its own questions with little study of the truths involved.

The rabid fundamentalist secure in his belief that the Bible must be interpreted literally is nursing a vain hope and supporting a losing cause. It matters little to him what the searchers after truth have found. The facts of comparative anatomy, domestication, embryology, geology, paleontology, geographical distribution and the precipitation blood tests, although apparent, should be ignored for they, in a measure at least, are in contradiction to a literal interpretation of the Word of God.

The modernist, earnest in his search after the cause and the why of things, does not dispute the Word but strives to understand creation and its manifold problems. He believes that the formidable array of evidence that has been assembled is quite sufficient to show that all forms of life as they exist at present are but stages in an evolutionary process,—the process adopt-

ed by the Creator in making the Earth a fit place to support its peculiar forms of life. The modernist and scientist know that there is no inherent inconsistency between the theory of evolution and a real Christian belief.

divide, the parent body dividing into separate cells which began to lead their own lives. So the line was perpetuated, with division taking place time and time again, each individual giving its life in the creation of others.



To the writer's mind the creation of man was something wonderful and divine. Life started as a single cell—a microscopic bit of what we do to-day call "protoplasm". This was given the power of immortality in that it could reproduce itself in an amazing manner. At the right time it could

This line of life has come down from that remote past to the present time. Each human being is bound by such an invisible thread to the ages which preceded the dawn of history—ages before the first of the apes, before the first of the mammals, or the reptiles, or the fishes. Once put out

the spark of life can never be relighted—yet until a line of beings lacks offspring, and so perishes, the spark is kindled over and over again.

A single human being is composed of billions of individual cells, varying in their individual characteristics. Life was first created millions of years ago ("A thousand years is with the Lord as one day, etc.") and the transformation from the simple to the complex has been effected slowly but surely. Now the intervening time between the age of tiny creatures, each consisting of a single cell—and man is the course of evolution. How long this process has been in progress no one knoweth, but each year, as our knowledge of prehistoric life becomes more complete, our ideas relative to the remote ages

of long ago are modified. The discoveries of the recent scientific expeditions tend to show that we have been consistently under-estimating the aeons that have elapsed since the first living cell lashed its cilia in its watery environment and today. That evolution has been going on and is still active no one, unless wilfully ignorant, will deny—how it works is the perplexing problem. The answer to this is not exposed as yet to man's questioning gaze. It is sufficient to know that:

"Though dark, O God, Thy course and track,

I think Thou must at least have meant
That nought which lives should wholly
lack

The things that are most excellent."



AL
FALFA
SEZ:



Wal, folks, this here Spring Fever shore has got a strangle holt on the collitch, I calklate. It shore air a funny thing teh way the fellers and the gals turns mushy with the snow. Sports is kinda pushed outa sight becos they ain't no ice for hockey and they ain't no dry ground for the other outdoor sports. It's too warm outdoors to stay indoors fer basketball or baseball, and lessons is not allowed to interfere with leizure, so natcherally there ain't much left to think about or do, exception, — love. Wal, now folks, I reckon this here love are the most cosmopolitan and universal sport we knows of. It can be played indoors and outdoors accordin' to temperature, time, and temptation. One of the wisenheimers at the collitch sez as how love are the fastest sport known to the human race—and he ain't barrin' this here meteor-like game of ice hockey.

Wal, by heck, I guess I ain't no star

player at this love game yet, but they is some fellers and fillies at this collitch which shore is proficient from all accounts, and a few more what is foolin' themselves that they is first string material.

It 'ppears that experience is what makes a feller a genuwine fust-rate lover. One of the guys at the collitch sez;

“My boy, Love is an art, a science, a Thing of Beauty-and a dummed nuisance withal. Furthermore, the perfect lover is made, not natcherall born.”

I opines thet it air a funny business — this experience in love. Long experience in Love makes you either conceited or hopeless.

Wal, I dunno, but she shore looks to me as if I hev this spring fever. Gosh ding it, I'm allus catchin' meself heavin' potent glances at the easy looking' fillies from acrost the oval. I gets up of a morning feelin' kinda sleepy-like, but

I hits the hay at night feelin' like shinny-in' trees or wrastling grizzly b'ars. When I'm talkin' to one of the nifties from acrost the way, wal, now, I generally feels kinda helpless an' rest'less on my feet. The days is long, and when I cops a doss till the morning bell they is the dummedest feelin' that they is somethin' lackin' in life.

I'm gittin' to be right interested in this here Love game. I ast one of the boys fer some expert coachin'. Wal, folks, he sez;

"Hev you had experience?"

"No," sez me, "exceptin, what I already told you before about Sally Waters and Lulu."

The feller looks dazed, but chews fer a spell kinda thoughtful.

"Wal," he sez, "you jist keep yer lamps on this baby and the other sheiks and act accordin'. Watch what's goin' on, big fella, and you ought to larn somethin'."

Gosh-ding me fer a cloven garter snake if thet feller didn't hand me out a heavy curriculum to foller. Wal, fer the past few weeks I been doin' nothin' but watchin' — and folks, I'm larnin'.

Yes siree, I guess I knows a thing or two now, yes you bet! And as fer what I seen and was told—wal, hones', folks, I ain't heard tell of the beat of it since Heck were a pup.

The game are played some what like this. A feller has to be in love with a gal, or else he has to shoot her what they call a heavy line. If the boob are in love he'll probably treat his blister tolerably well, but if he air jist kiddin' the filly along, fore long he'll mos' likely get pestered to death with her and do the pore chile dirt. Thet's why men is called brutes. The Kidder is the kind of lover that gets conceited, and blows around how he kin love any woman livin' if he's give say half an hour of uninterrupted concentration on the problem.

The genuwine mutt what air honest and truly up to the hub in love, air the guy that gets hopeless and gets the dirt heaped upon him.

Then the gels plays the game too. They kin play it several ways, 'ppears to me. F'rinstance they kin be awfully dumb but kinda restful on the eyes — livin' but not knowin' perzactly what it's all about, or they kin be of the hard-boiled gold-diggin' tribe what has as it's motter "Me First". Then they is the square-shootin' kind thet makes a feller feel kinda reconciled to the sex whether he air in love with that perticklar one or not. The Kidder wuz jist raised to team with the Dumb Dora or the Gold Digger, while the Hones Injun Lover air a natcheral borned match fer the Square Shooter. Howemsoever, I reckon these gets mixed right frequent and gits in the wrong stall. Then the trouble starts.

They is sometimes some pesky critturs called matchmakers takes a hand in the game. They gets their haid together and plots kinda thoughtful a spell. If they had spots on their haid there'd be an expensive flock of dice present at the session.

The matchmakers picks on a feller and a filly an allows as how they two ought to work in double harness. Then they talks selling chatter to both dumb nuts apart and separate. Apple sauce is swallowed a heap by both parties. Then the introduction is fixed and the harvest is nigh. One of the victims usually leaves his old friends high and dry and steps high and handsome with the new gang. It shore air' right amusin' how the nitwits picks the wrong parties. Then they is a separatin' and both feels kinda cheated. Then as likely as not one or both of the victims turns and grabs off the love mate of one of the schemin' trouble makers and they is a general laugh.

Like in all other games there is good sportmanship and poor sportmanship. As the hockey feller sez,

"Combination is the only policy fer a team to foller."

They is penalties in the game of love. A feller I knows tolab'ly well sez as how love is a penalty in the game of Life- and thet it's major or minor accordin' to temperament.

Like in other sports, the players frequently gets some heated when the play is fast. They is plenty of quarrels, and teams is considerable bust up from time to time.

Wal, now, I jist ben restin' on my hoe as fer as Lulu is consarned but with what I been larnin' fer quite a spell back, I figger I'm jist about ready to start cultivatin'.



Soph. Champion Debating Team

Faculty Items

Tribute to Professor Lochhead

Tribute to the original Professor of Biology of Macdonald College was paid by his colleagues, pupils, associates and friends on March 17th, when an oil portrait of Prof. William Lochhead was unveiled by Sir Arthur Currie, Vice Chancellor and Principal of the University. The subscribers, numbering over two hundred and twenty-five were invited to be present and amongst those from a distance who found it possible to do so were Mr. F. N. Savoie, B.S.A., Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Quebec, Miss Gertrude Jarvis of Montreal, who was assistant Librarian of the College in its early days, Dr. F. E. Lloyd, Professor of Botany in McGill University and Mr. Geo. F. Calder of Lachute, Registrar of Argen-teuil County, a classmate of Prof. Lochhead's in McGill University. The artist, Mr. G. Horne Russell and Mrs. Russell came from Montreal to attend the ceremony and Prof. Lochhead's son Dr. Grant Lochhead, Bacteriologist of the Dominion Experimental Farms System, from Ottawa.

After a few words of appreciative introduction, Principal Harrison called upon Dr. J. F. Snell to speak on behalf of the Portrait Committee. In a brief address to Prof. Lochhead, Dr. Snell gave expression to the feelings of esteem and appreciation of his distinguished services which had prompted the Committee and the subscribers. Prof. Lochhead was one of

half a dozen advisers chosen by the organizer and first Principal of the College to come to Ste. Anne de Bellevue a year or two in advance of the opening of the College. Of these men the two who were present, Dr. Harrison and Prof. Lochhead, were those whose advice must have been most essential to Dr. Robertson, inasmuch as their experience had eminently qualified them for the task of planning and equipping natural science laboratories and outlining courses in the sciences. After speaking in some detail about the men who had profitted by their association with Prof. Lochhead as subordinates and pupils, and who now occupy positions of responsibility, and about his investigations and publications, the speaker made reference to the personal qualities of sympathy, cheeriness and humor, which have made Prof. Lochhead so popular amongst his associates and students and to the hospitality of his home to the College's staff, students and visitors.

Before unveiling the portrait Sir Arthur Currie expressed the honor he felt in joining with the staff of the College in their expression of appreciation of Prof. Lochhead. "Men count more than things and when Sir William Macdonald first thought of this agricultural school and began to gather his staff around him, he succeeded in collecting a group of men who could hardly be surpassed. I would like to give

a public expression of gratitude for the years of unfailing loyalty and inspiration to the students that Professor Lochhead has spent in this College, and I hope that he will live long to enjoy the friendships that inspired this gift."

Immediately after the unveiling Mrs. Barton on behalf of the College ladies, presented a bouquet of rosebuds to Mrs. Lochhead.

In thanking his friends for the portrait Prof. Lochhead said: "I could have asked no better testimonial of friendship and

know of nothing I would have preferred. I feel that my numerous friends are due not so much to myself as to my helpmate and can hardly believe that this gift and this gathering are a tribute to my individual personality."

The ceremony which was held in Room 117 was followed by a tea served in the same room by the Senior Household Science students.

The portrait is now on exhibition in the College Library.

FACULTY NEWS

Dean H. Barton addressed the following gatherings:

Aug. 19th.—The Farmers' Picnic at the Experimental Farm, Lennoxville.

Sept. 2nd & 3rd.—The Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Banquet at the Sherbrooke Exhibition.

The Provincial Agronomes in Banquet during the Exhibition.

Sept. 8th & 9th.—The C. S. T. A. Quebec Section in Banquet.

Oct. 23rd.—The Kiwanis Club—Ottawa, at a Special Meeting with 150 Farmer guests.

Dean H. Barton judged dairy cattle at the Three Rivers Exhibition on August 25-26 when the establishment of a new system of judging French-Canadian Cattle was taking place.

Dr. F. C. Harrison addressed the Chemical Society of McGill on March the 5th., the subject being "the Practical Results of Bacteriological Research."

Prof. William Lochhead has been elected Emeritus Professor of Entomology and Zoology.

On January 12th. Dr. A. M. McTaggart spoke before the Ormstown Farmers Club on the subject "Some Problems connected with Forage Crop Production."

On February 11 and 12 respectively

Dr. McTaggart addressed the Ormstown and Huntingdon Milk Producers Associations the subject being "Agricultural Conditions in New Zealand" with special reference to Dairying.

Miss M. Winnona Cruise, who has been a member of the Household Science Staff since January 1921, resigned from her position in January of this year at the close of the first term. The condition of her mother's health has made it necessary for Miss Cruise to give up her professional work for a time.

Miss Margaret E. Smith joined the Staff of the School of Household Science on March 7th. Miss Smith is native of Nova Scotia, and began her work in Household Science there, later obtaining a bachelor's degree from the University of Chicago, and a master's from the University of Wisconsin. Miss Smith was for several years a member of the staff of the Chicago University.

The outstanding event of the musical season has been the presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" by the Macdonald Philharmonic Society on Founder's Day Feb. 10, before a capacity audience in the Assembly Hall.

The scenery was painted by Dr. Harrison and Dr. Dickson and consisted of

a Japanese back scene 28 feet long and four wings of Wistaria on bamboo trellis. The lighting by Mr. Charles Stephen effectively enhanced both scenery and costumes. Dr. Harrison was stage manager and Mr. R. B. Musgrove F.R.C.O. musical director. Of the faculty taking part Dr. B. T. Dickson played the principal role "Koko", Prof. L. G. Heimpel was "Pooh Bah" while Dr. Snell, Mr. J. E. Coulson and Mr. J. R. Sanborn took part as members of the chorus.

Miss H. Fowlie of the High School

Staff has been operated on for appendicitis. We are glad to report that she is making satisfactory progress.

Mr. N. C. McFarlane, B.A., M.Sc., formerly assistant in Chemistry, is in charge of the varnish department of the Dominion Oil cloth and Linoleum Company of Montreal. With his wife and son Mr. McFarlane resides at Dorval.

Mr. S. C. Robinson, B.S.A., M.Sc., formerly assistant in Chemistry, is employed in the laboratories of the Ford Motor Company at Detroit.



Interesting Bypaths

Louis de Belle

Bypaths have always had a special fascination for me. Indeed, I think they have for most of us, since hobbies are merely glorified by-ways, and everyone has a hobby of sorts. In studies the allurements appear, half the time, to lie in the supplement—the part you are not required to “do”. Even life itself is made up of multiple side issues which engross our energies and often obliterate the actual goal of endeavour.

When I was young and very foolish, as all of us are once in our lives, I had a penchant for pirates and islands. Rather a curious bypath. I used to wade laboriously through hundreds of pages of ill-written trash for one spark of merit—and that spark a pirate. It was a very silly penchant, I’ll admit, but when we are young we are delightfully odd; and when we get old do we ever get adequate compensation for the loss of our rattle? No child ever buys a bauble it likes better, I know. As for me, I am still stretching my hands out to Fate and crying for my lost pirates.

I think it all started with islands. They are awfully elusive things when you come to consider them. Probably because they are symbolical, at least for me, of the vanity of Vanity Fair; of the chimerical quality of happiness.

But, apart from this dry philosophical fact, which, like most facts of a philosophic nature, contains only a part of the truth, islands are strictly romantic. They constitute the greater part of the *honey* of childhood, in fictional form. If you are sceptical any boys’ magazine editor will enlighten you. So will your son.

For this reason I have always rather pitied the pagan not because of his unbelief, although that is a thing to be deprecated, but because of his lack of romantic literature. In the same sense I always sympathize with the pigtailed Chinaman; again not because of his Wall or his tea imbibing qualities, or because he possesses, as a little girl once graphically said: “dinky eyebrows and chocolate curly-ears” but because he never had an opportunity of reading “Robinson Crusoe.”

To me islands are like little girls wabbling their hands in a class; they arrest my attention and intrigue my curiosity. Even now that a fuller measure of years has come to me, unto which should be added sense, sympathy and love, the map or the name of an island “pleases me like a sonnet.” I am thrilled by the thought of the manifold crimes that may be tucked under the lip of a hill, by the fancied stench of rotting vegetation that hides in every fold of the landscape of coloured skies and tropical seas. And my memory harks back to those indecent, but glorious, days when Spanish galleons sailed in Caribbean waters; when Sir Henry Morgan and his handful of stalwart rogues sacked the city of Panama; when deeds of blood and shame were laying the foundations of an empire across the seas.

And what are islands after all? Little daubs of dark upon a pale blue background. At least that is how they appear upon the map. Daubs of dark exhaling an aroma of palms, pirates and romance that the cinema of to-day has put to a number of uses. It is written that they repaired the fortunes of Captain Kidd. It is a

fact that they baptize many an artist in celluloid. They are, moreover, of value in childhood because they are genetic play-things—creative. Childhood is essentially concrete, at least it is said to be so, but

its toys and tools are of the most abstract nature. In islands and pirates the child-mind obtains an outlet—the chance to run riot. And it does quite often. That is the fun of it.



Mac's Crossword Puzzle

By J. W. P. and G. E. C., T '26

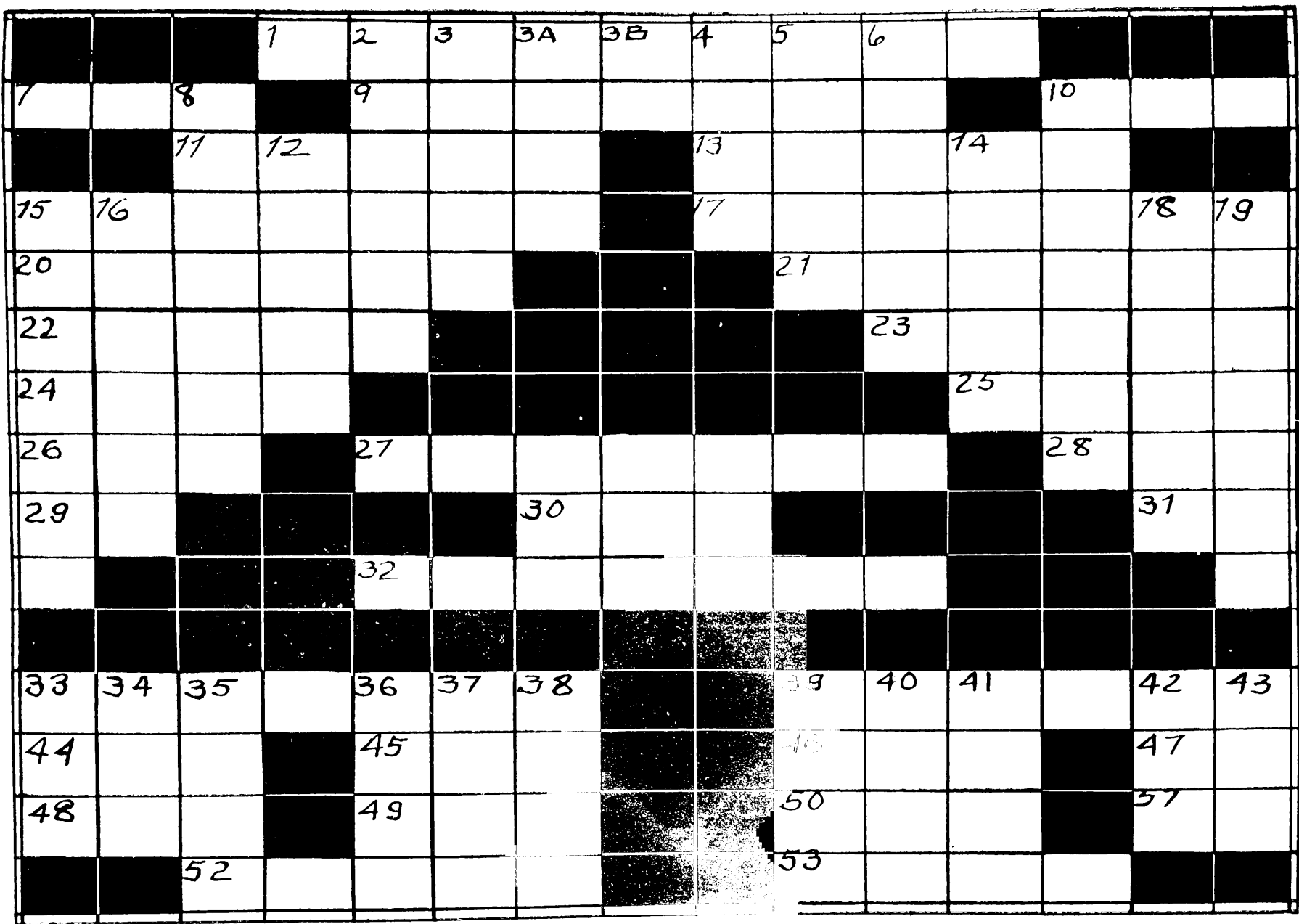
Just to give you a good start, we present you with a few of the hard names. *Giat* was the first king of Cuba. *Pylitia* is the country mentioned in 10 down. The Swiss navy is now under the capable command of Capt. *Eseir*. Of course you have heard of Ygie, (37 down). All the rest should be easy for any true son of Macdonald.

ACROSS

1. What we fill our glasses up to.
7. The seniors' hope.
9. Where we learn to yell.
10. Doctor of Philosophy.
11. Goldilock's playmates.
13. Lectures after 4 o'clock on a Spring afternoon.
15. "Tales of a ——— Inn."
17. A curly lock of hair.
20. Fleischman's and Royal.
21. An ancient stone implement of warfare.
22. An expensive fur, spelled phonetically.
23. Early; quickly.
24. First king of Cuba.
26. "Hades" with the "e" knocked out.
25. The first 4 vowels in reverse order.
27. Control; rule.
28. A boy's nickname.
29. Nickname of a famous baseball player.
30. On behalf of.
31. Opposite to Jr.
32. The act of serving.
33. We'd appreciate some of these in the dining-room at "Mac".
39. Slang term for "conversation".
44. King (French).
45. The only thing the girls hide.
46. Ontario Onion Growers Association, (Abbreviation).
47. Preceding a yell in the dining room.
48. Why Adam was kicked out of the garden.
49. Compete; contend.
50. Nickname for "Doctor".
51. At the end of many a letter.
52. Colour of Paddie's necktie.
53. Charlie Chaplin's latest rush.

DOWN

2. A + plus a word meaning a heap of stones.
3. Strings.
- 3A. Doctor of the Literary Science of English. (Abbrev.).
- 3B. Old (shortened).
4. So ——— and yet so far.
5. Pet name for our B. S. A. friends.
6. A girl's name.
8. Pertaining to an abyss.
10. A new country, 50° north of Iceland
12. Commander in chief of the Swiss Navy.
14. Chemical name for a pill containing nitro-glycerine, Lampblack, asphalt and opium.
15. The fusser's paradise.
16. As if in the air.
18. A well known anaesthetic (pl).
19. A dark corner on Saturday afternoon.
33. The biggest and best school at Mac. (abbrev.).
34. A promissory note (backwards).
35. A golden band for a bridal-hand.
36. The overhanging part of a roof.
37. A new slang term.
38. Past participle of see.
39. A prominent banjo-player.
40. What the girl said when she was kissed.
41. Salt (Formula).
42. A small snake.
43. The girls who learn to cook Beans, Ham and Soup.





?

It was said by Dryden, that

....Great wit to madness sure is near
allied

A thin partition does their bounds
divide.....

and although Charles Lamb made a commendable refutation of this assumption in his essay on the "Sanity of True Genius," I cannot but think that at the present time Dryden's view seems to be the most correct. I will attempt to uphold this, by illustrations from my personal experience at Macdonald.

To 'anticipate the past' as Mrs. Malaprop would have it, upon a certain evening in February, accompanied by—a fair votary at the shrine of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, I settled down in pleasant anticipation of watching a good game of basketball between the post-grads, and the teachers. As the time approached for the

start of the game, we became rather anxious, by reason of the fact that all players were conspicuous by their absence. Could it be that both teams, coming of such hard-working woman-shunning stock, had allowed their natural modesty to overcome the desire to show their prowess to the fair sex? But no. Soon on the zephyrs of superheated air, which swept through the gymnasium, was borne to us the familiar jangling of the so-called bell, which for us replaces the cock in its morning salutations to the sun. As the bell came into the doorway, it seemed to be in close contact with a large but delapidated bowler-hat, which moved with no visible means of support other than the tails of a frock-coat. A more minute examination of this phenomenon, however, revealed the fact that this was a venerable though diminutive member of the Senior Class. Is this, thought I, is this fit garb for such a demi-god? Is this a fit herald for such a battle of the strong as we are about to witness?

Worse was to come. Following immediately on the heels of this apparition came the post-grads. Expecting them to appear "with aspect stern and gloomy stride," as befitted their rank and station, my usually well-balanced mental equilibrium, received another shock on seeing half a dozen tall lissome figures appear, clothed in "white samite, mystic, wonderful," At first I thought that this team must be of foreign extraction, for as you know no Englishman wears his heart upon his sleeve, but these forward young men wore their's on their vests for anyone to take; while adorning their nether limbs were sundry fashionable atrocities known as jazz garters.

Last but not least came the teachers, they had further striven to excel in appearance, by means of girls' gym. costumes with plentiful applications of the flour-bag and the lipstick.

Are these the men, to whose care will be relegated, future rising generations of Quebec's social and political leaders? Are these the scientists in whose hand will be laid the wonderful heritage of past researches? Alas, I fear so. The future of Canada lies in their hands, and unless we can truly believe that extreme wit in its sportive moments is bordering on lunacy, then these scribblings should have been headed, "The Degeneration of Man," by S. O. Loman.

Dear old lady (to Highlander)—"Ma dear man, aren't ye cauld wi' the kilt."

Highlander—"Naw woman, but I'm fair kilt wi the cauld."

Night reveller (being rescued from a water trough) "Never mind me, hosh, shave the women and children first."

Stewed—"Can you tell me if zat's the shun or the moon up there?"

Passer-by—"Dunno pal, I'm a stranger in this town."



Signs of Spring

Customer:—"don't want to buy your crackers; they tell me that mice are always running over them."

Grocer: "Why that ain't so; the cat sleeps in the barrel every night."

He—"May I call upon you?"

She—"Of course not."

He—"Oh, I didn't mean tonight, I meant some cold, rainy night when I couldn't go anywhere else."



“AGRICULTURE '28”
CLASS LIMERICKS

1. The head of the year—Mr. TAIT,
Who is Strong, Silent, Handsome, Se-
date.
He ne're had a crush
On a girl—Oh! Say! Hush!
Here he comes—Mr. President Tait.
2. The Soph'mores are led by Old Vic,
With his spats, collars, ties and black
stick.
At present he's wild
Over one little child
Who is leading him straight to Old
Nick.
3. My room mate's a fellow called Paige,
Whose curls are the absolute rage;
I could tell you far more,
But he "might" become sore,
And I'd rather not fight with Em.
Paige.
4. In Mac there's a fellow called Bert,
Who's the worst of the Soph'mores to
flirt;
He's a terror for speed,
Kiss 'em all is his creed,
And he's hot on the trail of the skirt.
5. In our class we've a chappie called
Phil:
As the Beau of the year he's a kill;
To co-eds he's cute,
And 'Priceless' to boot;
In fact he's the Ultimate Thrill.
6. There is also a fellow called Ted,
Whose wish is at once to be wed.
After each little fussing
He is fed up and cussing,
For he's still Mr. Bachelor Ted.
7. He is often at Wrights—Mr. Nadir,
And his girl, after necking, will "Say,
dear,
8. There's a fellow from England, whose
name
Seems an omen for much future fame;
Let's hope that his crop
In the market comes top —
A Harvest as good as his name.
9. The sage of the class is our Saint,
Whom wisdom could not ward from
taint;
He is tarred like the rest,
And fusses with zest;
Guess it's hard to be Fusser and Saint.
10. The author's that Englishman West;
A poet enkindled with zest,
Whose fussing, forsooth!
Was hard on poor Ruth—
But she, and not he, stood the test.

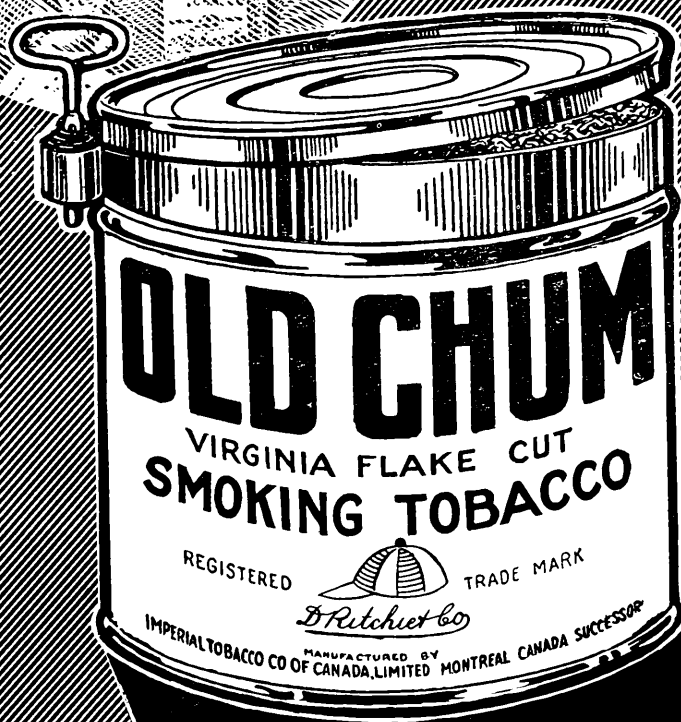
The Vice-Chancellor in Convocation on Oct. 7 made the following allusion to undergraduates' costume: 'Videmus studentes nostros variis et pictis vestibus exornatos, immo vero braccas gerentes quae ambitus latitudine barbariores sunt quam quas-cunque olim gerebant Daci aut Sarmatae.'

There was a young lady named Pinner,
Who was a society sinner,
She went off, they say,
To Paris, one day;
And the rest shall be told after dinner.

There was a young teacher from Spain,
Who always was sick on the train,
Not once, but again,
And again and again,
And again and again and again.

15¢ PER
PKG.

— *and in ½ lb.*
VACUUM (AIR-TIGHT)
TINS



The
Tobacco
of
Quality

Customer: "Have you any pillowcases?"

Clerk: "Yes sir. What size?"

Customer: "I really don't know, but I wear a size seven hat."

Salesman: This is the type of press that pays for itself, sir.

Printer: Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my shop.

"Pep" is a red headed kid from the streets of slang. It is that superlative condition of well being that made the canary feel like spitting in the cat's face.

Keep your head cool—your feet warm—your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead, then stick to it—rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem

someone will find you. Don't whine—tell people you are a failure and they will believe it. Talk and act like a winner, and in time you will become one.

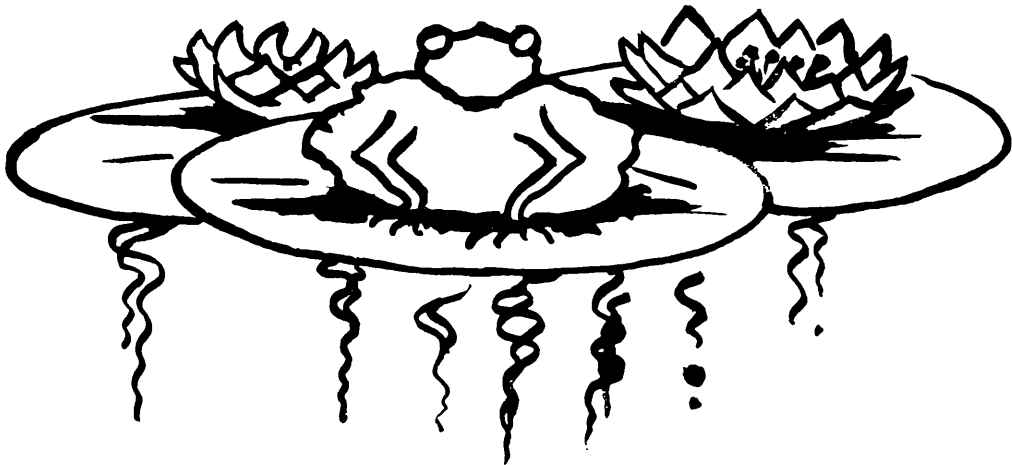
Pastor—"So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly."

Dolly—"Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from to keep them. I heard Daddy say so."

If you must kick—kick towards the goal!

"What is the difference," asked the teacher, "between caution and cowardice?"

Johnny who observed things carefully for so youthful a person, answered: "Caution is when you're afraid and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."



Royal Yeast Cakes

for
PERFECT BREAD

*The Standard of Quality
for more than 50 years*



LEO'S QUALITY STORE

SUBMARINE PRICES

-

AEROPLANE QUALITY

**Eastman Films and Kodaks
Developing and Printing
Waterman and Parker Duofold Pens**

**Stationery, Tooth Paste, Face Creams, Powders, etc.
Banners made to order and always in stock.**

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES.

*"If you don't see what you want, call in. The
only trimming done here is in the windows."*



MR. FARMER,

Everywhere,

Dear Sir:—

You know of the many hard and tedious jobs there are on the farm, such as:—

Digging out stumps.
Breaking boulders.
Making holes for tree planting, etc.
Road grading.
Sub-soiling orchards, etc.
Breaking ice and log jams.
Splitting heavy timbers.
Excavating foundations.
Well sinking, etc., etc.

All these can be done cheaper, quicker, easier and much more satisfactorily by C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder.

In looking over your farm do you not see stumps and boulders which you wished were miles away, especially when you have to work around them and perhaps broken some implement? A few minutes of your time during slack seasons and a charge of C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder will make your wish a fact.

C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder is safe to handle if used, according to instructions contained in each box. C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder has been used for nearly fifteen years and has proved a great help to thousands of farmers every year.

Owing to the special freight rate granted by the Railways in Canada it has enabled us to distribute C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder, at a minimum cost.

Ask your dealer for further particulars or write us and we will mail, free of charge, one of our illustrated booklets, containing information and tables clearly showing how to use and the quantity of C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder for various work on the Farm.

When writing to us, please mention the work in which you are particularly interested.

Yours very truly,
CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: Montreal, P.Q.

Branch Offices at

Montreal
Toronto
Sudbury
Cobalt
Calgary
Vancouver
Nelson

Halifax
Ottawa
Timmins
Winnipeg
Edmonton
Victoria
Prince Rupert

